

Brooklyn August, 1993

Unknown

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(For Jim Bishop)

In Ebbets Field the crabgrass grows

(where Alston managed)

row on row

as the day's axle turns into twilight

I still see them, with the green smell

of just-mown infield grass heavy

in the darkening end of the day:

picked out by the right-field floods, just turned on and already assaulted by

battalions of circling moths

and bugs on the night shift;

below, old men and offduty taxi drivers

are drinking big cups of Schlitz in the \$0. 75 seats, this Flatbush as real as velvet
Harlem streets where jive packs the juke in the June of '56.

In Ebbets Field the infield's slow

and seats are empty, row on row

Hodges is hulked over first, glove stretched to touch the throw from Robinson at
third, the batters' boxes float in the ghost-glow of this sky-filled Friday evening

(Musial homered early, Flatbush is down by 2).

Newcombe trudged to an early shower through a shower of popcorn and
newspaper headlines.

Carl Erskine is in now and chucking hard But Johnny Podres and Clem Labine
are heating in case he blows up late;

he can, you know, they all can

In Ebbets Field they come and go

and play their innings, blow by blow

time's called in the dimness of the 5th

someone chucked a beer at Sandy Amoros in right he spears the empty cup
without a word

and hands it to a groundkeeper chewing Mail Pouch while the faceless fans cry
down juicy Brooklyn vowels, a plague on both their houses.

Pee Wee Reese leans on his knees west of second Campanella gives the sign

with my eyes closed I see it all

smell steamed franks and 8 pm dirt

can see those heavenly shades of evening they swim with angels above the
stadium dish as Erskine winds and wheels and throws low-inside: